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VOL. XIII.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, JANUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 51.

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ONLY A SONG. and, without his knowing it, helped him in a hundred little ways.

"Next to my room, and domiciled in

luxury, lived young Tankerville, the Cræsus of our college. His father's in-

heritance had but fallen to him some

months before, and he deserved it. He

was a capital fellow, large-hearted,

empty-headed, and brimfull of sport.

a struggling fellow who went to bed at

night worrying over the expenses of the

morrow woke up in the morning to find

placed between the leaves of his Latin or

Greek exercise book a small note on the

bank of England. At first such unusual

beneficence puzzled us, but we very

ing that morning. Cigars were lighted and anecdotes of interest were being

told, when suddedly the conversation

turned and the subject of our remarks

became the belle and the 'First Lady in

".Hold,' cried Tankerville, pointing

"She rarely ever appears," I rejoined.

"By Jove! and on her morning walk

"I glanced at the speaker and said,

" 'She is proud,' returned Tankerville,

" 'I'll take your wager,' replied Chris-

"I need not say how the boys stood

your humble servant were to follow

urely behind while Lund bounded for-

far behind to overhear anything. In

less than an hour, however, the latter

the wager. Yet for months afterward

duction to her ladyship, then a wife.

"Her account of the little episode of

"Mr. Lund, on removing his cap,

pounds has this day been laid that no

just offense. I have undertaken to suc-

students at college. I have an invalid

pounds may aid in sparing her to me. I

" Of course. I allowed him the kiss

Mr. Clifton, you know the rest. My

"Boys," said Paul Clifton, drawing

Sunshine, Song and Sadness.

Its gold through my window pane, And a sweet perfume

The oriole sings And the sunshine flings

The skies are clear

Steals into my room From the lilacs in the lane,

In the school yard near
The children romp in glee;
The earth is bright
In the glad sunlight,

But what is it all to me?

That tortures my weary brain:

Vith golden nair,
Is at the place again.

—Boston Courter,

For, across the way,

The maiden fair, With golden hair,

re's a din to day

bands.

Chicago Tribune.

sister at a home in Wales. Her life

'Strange, Tank, that no man seems to

have ever approached, much less at-

there she is. Speak of an angel and-

in the direction of the bridge.

to I fley,' he continued.

we'll loan you the sum."

tempted to woo, Lady Maud."

His pocket book was ever open.

soon discovered its true author.

It was only a simple ballad, Sung to a careless throng; There were none that knew the singer, And few that heeded the song; Yet the singer's voice was tender, And sweet as with love untold: Surely those hearts were hardened That is left so hard and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory That touches the woods in spring, Of the strange soul stirring voices When "the hills break forth and sing. Of the happy birds low warbling

The requiem of the day, And the quiet hush of the valleys In the dusk of the gloaming gray,

And-one in a distant corner -A woman worn with strife-Heard in that song a message From the springtime of her life, Fair forms rose up before her From the mist of vanished years; She sat in a happy b'in lasss,

Her eyes were veiled in tears, Then when the song was ended, And hushed the last sweet tone, The listener rose up softly And went on the way alone. Once more to her life of labor She passed, but her heart was strong: And she prayed, "Go I bless the singer!

And, ob, then's God for the song!"

-Chambers' Journa

## A THOUSAND TO FIVE

If you take a sharp turn to the right midway on the offey read between the and his eyes dropped a little. Brightencity of Oxon and Littlemore Asylum a beautiful green lane will bring you to the direction of Lund, and, with the the locks and the narrow foot-bridge faintest twinkle of the left eye, exwhich for convenience is placed across claimed, with emphasis, 'A thousand to the flood gates that you may pass to the five that not a man in Oxon will kiss opposite bank of the Thames. The an- Lady Maud without offending her.' tique city lies still to your right with its spires, and domes, and college towers, topher Lund, quietly, and what is more, which stand out in the clear cut, dark will accomplish the feat publicly and uprights against the wintry, gray sky, within thirty minutes. or, in the blue haze of the summer mist, apart and gazed at Lund in utter won-

appear as if dressed in purp'e gauze, The bank on which you stand has a derment. There was silence, but only wide foot-path, which narrows as you for an instant longer. Tankerville and receds from the city. Here the river Christopher shook hands. - Lund for a deepens stightly, reflecting luxurious moment scratched his forehead, and, green shrubbery, while a few yards far- half-soliloquizing, said, 'But where to ther on the stream grows so shallow that raise the five pounds?" rank though not undicturesque weeds "Oh, Chris, never mind that,' we all and water-flowers spring up to greet the said in one voice. 'Here, old fellow,

In the early morning or on summer "Well, boys, I never saw a lad evenings true admirers of the beautiful look as he dil for fully a minute. never miss frequenting this spot. Lovers, His eyes were literally alight, and the invalid, the weary student-all alike his whole being seemed strangely anihere find rest and long to breathe in an mated. Within three minutes later our air that seems to stir into life everything plans were completed. Tankerville and

It was the day after the Oxford and Christopher at a safe distance, while he Cambridge boat race. At the former was to approach Miss Maud Caveliers university things were unusually quiet, midway up the Isley road. No sooner though the crews were far from dis- said than done. The other fellows couraged. At the latter there was high agreed to remain in the shrub garden, glee. After many successive years of and for more than half an hour smoked, struggling and defeat, Cambridge had chatted, and speculated widely as to once more won the day. The fates had Ohr stopher's venture. We walked leisdecided in her favor.

Yet a few carnest coxswains and ward with a light step. For fully a trainers might be sean in busy conversa- quarter of an hour all was suspense. Our tion at the various newly-painted and heroine had advanced far ahead; but gilded boat-houses, and not a few cances | Christopher was quick in his movements and gigs had demended an opening of and presently was within a few yards of the locks that morning. Still the marked Lady Mand. excitement and bustle of the three pre- "We saw him gracefully remove his ceding days had now all but died away. cap and walk to her side. Lightning-A sober air pervaded everything. Song- like we observed her draw up and face birds from their boughs but twittered Lund as in indignation. As watchers slightly and seemed to glance askance only, myself and Tankerville were too at passers by

Yes, Jack, that was the bet." "Frightful odds, wasn't it?" chimed soon became convinced that he had lost in Pently Knoll. "But, say, old fellow, do tell us that he pestered me to obtain all the particu-

tale," pursued the first speaker, a stal- lars associated with Lund's daring act, wart among the three young crack oars. At last I gave in and obtained an intromen of the first Oxford crew. He addressed Paul Clifton. They were seated with elbows on knees and that July morning was touching. I shall half reclining over the rail of Magdalen never forget it. In her own words, College boat house. All were attired in softened now and again by a smile, she

loose blouses, sleeves tucked up, white said: boating trousers, and canvas shoes. Paul Clifton, or "Capt, Cliff," as his bowed low, and said: 'Madam, you are companions sometimes called him, was a lady; I am a gentieman. As such, the the oldest fellow in his college. With a laws of etiquette forbid me to approach forehead largely intellectual, though you without due introduction. pinched in face, and slightly stooped, he however, you have heard my speech, I was deemed the largest-hearted fellow know full well that your mercy and genin all Oxfordshi.e. The whole faculty tleness of spirit will suspend all law in

loved him and the meanest undergradu- my behalf. A wager of a thousand ate in his presence had no fears. "I'm a whale if you fellows don't bore man in Oxon will dare approach and a man," was the reply, accompanied with tender you a kiss without giving you the best natured of grins."

"But say, Cliff, we chaps never heard | ceed and my claims upon you are these: that story, and, then, you tell it so I am the poorest among the poor law

A slap between the shoulders, and Paul coughed. All laughed heartily, and hangs on a thread and a thousand the old scholar began: "Well, my lads, you must know that love her with devotion that exceeds des-

Maud Caveliers, as we called her, was in peration, and should she die, I feel that her own right one of the noblest, wealth | my life will be a blank." iest, prettiest, and proudest ladies in all Oxon. She had seen nineteen beauti- -an act which he performed with a ful summers, and the winters could not grace I shall never forget. On hearing have been very severe, for they had left his tale, and as his lips pressed my cheek, nothing cold or ugly or objectionable in I felt a tear quivering beneath my eyeher nature. Yet, as I said, she was proud, | lid. | 1 turned quickly to brush it off and and she had a right to be. Yes, she was the young man was gone. The wager, a gem of a girl-a regular darling. Both you will say, was well won. And now. her parents were dead, and her uncle, with whom she lived, was dean of Mag- Chris is to-day the dearest and gentlest, dalen college, and one among the most and among the most unselfish of husindulgent of old gentlemen.

"Throughout our university city Lady Mand was the rage and adoration of young and old. I have heard it said himself up, "my story is told. My old that, like a morning star, he lit the path friend is no more a struggling law stuot many a poor professor and care worn dent. His sister lives and is in joyous student. They did not all love her, for health at this hour. Lady Lund leads the simple reason that they dared not, our best society and is adored by poor But it did the fellows good to sit in their and rich. And, Christopher, why he is windows and see her float past on her no less a personage than the squire ofcustomary morning walk. Itell you, my well, you fellows never mind where."lads," and Clifton struck his brawny thigh as if to emphasize what he said, "there are some women who are to the earth as angels, and to marry them is in part to spoil them. Such was Lady Maud. Love was in the air she exhaled, and tenderness seemed to wast from the very folds of her garment whither she

"Well, it was just twenty-seven years ago, and Christopher Lund was the poorest undergraduate of college. So poor that the chapel mice shunned his scanty apartments and ran affrighted into their holes at his approach. Yet by his pen he managed to maintain himself at college and in a large measure helped to support an invalid sister at an incurable home in Wales. He was a quiet, earnest, honest fellow, and we all pitied him,

COMICAL SKETCHES THAT ARE GO-ING THE ROUNDS.

Likely to Cet Le't-He Encouraged for a short time seemed sparring for Her in It- Tuite Another Thing.

Stranger (to small boy) - "C c-can y-y-you t-tell m me wh when th-the next t train g-goes n-n-north, s-s-sonny?" Small Boy-"Fi' minnits pas' three,' Stranger-"II-h-have I g-g-got t-ttime to c c-catch it?"

Small Boy- "Not unless you kin walk faster'n you kin talk, mister."-New York

He Encouraged Her in It. "It was one of those sultry July morn-Black-"They tell me your wife is ings at the date referred to when Lund, quite a whistler. Tankerville, myself and five other White- "She is. Whistles most of chums stood under a broad tree near the the time." main gate of the now Botanic gardens. B .- "And you allow i' ! Don't it an-Through the branches and short shrubs we could all but see Magdalen college W.- "It don't annow and as for allowing it, I encourage are in it," bridge. We had turned out for an air-

B.-"Why?" W. - "Because a woman can't whistle and talk at the same time."

Quite Another Thing.

"William, my son," said the old man, as he walked with him toward the de pot, "you have been appointed an Indian agent. Promise me in the most solemn manner that you will never take one penny belonging to the govern-

"I promise, father." Two years later, when he came home and bought a couple of farms and began the erection of a \$30,000 house he remarked:

"I have kept my promise, father, I made all this wealth by cheating the Icdians." - Wall Street News.

### A Corpse that Walked Off.

the dead Dentatus, raised him to his finest collection of pearls in the world. feet, he preserving a corpse like rigidity, | Lord Tweedmouth comes second, and his eyes closed and his head thrown Lord Bristol is a close third. The fash back, and, arm in arm, the trio walked ion in jewels alters rapidly, though off at the opposite side of the stage, am'd roars of laughter from the convulsed spectators .- Cardiff Mail.

She Was Bony. John Henry, the masher, s'ood on the diamonds nowadays. I remember in corner with one of his kind, waiting for 1870 diamonds cost £14 a carat. The a girl to come along, whom he might price has fallen to £5, the result of too crush. At last, a thin young woman great a supply. But a really magnificent from the rural districts came by, and John Henry thought he had found her, mond, always retains its value, and a As she passed he said something about collector, if he chooses to invest large her being bony but he went after her, sums in the purchase of the best article, and catching up, he said:

him up as if she was going to put a price needs an apprenticeship of a lifetime to

"Ahem, Miss, ahem, I-ah-," he hesi-"Well," she continued coolly, "why

don't you bark?" "Bark! Bark! I don't quite understand," he said inquiringly.
"Oh, you don't? Well I might have

known better than to have given you when it finds a bone." Since that date John Henry is a

changed man .- Merchant-Traveler.

### They Cot the Wrong Tickets.

A terrible mistake recently occurred in one of our most critical journals, which illustrates the danger of mixing up reviews of different art subjects and the manner in which different branches of culture can be confounded. A sparring match and a concert took place on the same evening, and, by mischance, the tickets reached the wrong art critics of the newspaper. The musical critic, thinking it was merely a broadening out of his field of labor, boldly went at his task and handed in the following review:

Sorrey Pugilistique-Thumber's Hall was well filled with an aristocratic audience last night, who had the pleasure of being present at a delightful programme which was charmingly carried out. At 8 o'clock the conductor called time but forgot to specify what tempo was desired. Signor J. L. Sullivani and Mr. Driscoll appeared in the duet, which seemed to be in the character of a knockturn. Signor Sullivani's touch was a trifle heavy, and he seems much addicted to forearm action. His performance was, nevertheless, a striking one and had much power. A great many "rounds" were upon the programme, and we are glad to see this old English style of composition coming into favor

again. The art critic of sparring was at first a trifle uneasy when he saw that he had soon found that his knowledge came readily into play, and gave the paper the following account:

"Piano Slugging Extraordinary,-Apollo-Orpheus Hall was crowded with a lively audience last night to see Rafe Josephee knock out a piano in four rounds. Betting on the event was not very lively, and an offer of two to one on the piano found no takers. Precise. ly at eight o'clock the master of ceremonies started the proceedings with an orchestral prelude; but this only added to the interest attaching to the main event. Rafe came to the front smiling. have been worried and torn by dogs. It He had evidently been sponged off just is sometimes poisonous.

STORIES SPICED BY FUN. before the combat, and looked in excellent condition. He at once struck out with his right, and followed it with a terrific left-hander, and managed to get away without a return. He row got in some light work with both hands, and wind. A short rally followed, but just as the faint-hearted were beginning to back the piano to the tune of three to

one he caught in a heavy body blow on the left side, and in and instant had it in chancery and was punishing it severely. Such heavy pounding has rarely been seen in any exhibition. The combat was so evidently in Rafe's favor that we did not stay to see the close. The police arrangements were perfect, no disturbances of any kind taking place among the ordinace. And now the sporting critic holds him-

self as a musical authority, and the musical critic is avoided as a bad man and a heavy hitter, -Boston Musical Herald.

Pearls and Pearl Fi-hing. In an interview with a pearl fisher by the Pall Mail Gazette, the following facts about the industry are to be found: "You will see," he said, "by there perforation, in the back how many enemies the pearl oyster has," pointing to the back of the shell, which was much honeycombed. "If they succeed in boring clean to the fleshit is all up with the oyster, theory of the pearl is that some foreign substance, a bit of grit or shell, finds its way within the harness, and the oyster to avoid the irritating friction, begins the process of pearl manufacture by the peculiar secretion. The pearl is generally found in the beard, I need no

tell you that the shells are highly valuable articles of commerce. When the opener has passed his hand in to feel for the pearl he throws it to the cleaner, who does his work, the shells are packed up in hogsheads, and when they arrive in London they are sold by auction it Mineing lane to go to the manufacturer, for the shell has taken the place of ivory On one occasion, when "Virginius" The pearling season lasts from March to was being performed, my unhappy tem- the middle of December, for in the sumper (says Macready) was severely tried mer months the hurricanes renders this in the third act of the play, where fishing impossible. The plan of opera-Sicclus Dentatus should be discovered tions is something in this wise: The fleet on a bier with a company of soldiers is distributed over the fishing grounds, mourning over it. I saw the old man and one or two of them see to the sup who represented the Roman Achilles ply of fresh water and stores. The lying on the ground, and two men mother ship generally lies at anchor it standing near. This was too absurd, the bay, and the small boat leaves her the body having to be borne off in sight every morning to go to the various of the audience. I positively refused to grounds close by. At night they go on. "Oh, pray, sir," urged the man-return with their cargoes. The "go on; the men have rehearsed decked boats go further afield, the scene, and you'll find it all right." and bring the results of their labor at In vain I represented that the men could longer intervals. At certain times the in court?" not carry off the old man. 'Oh, yes, mail steamer which calls at Freemantle indeed, sir," reiterated the manager, ships the cargo, which comes home, the "they perfectly understand it." There was pearls themselves being sent through nothing for it but submission. After registered letters, and passing through On I went and uttered my lamentation can afford to own it. To be inestimable enter. over the prostrate veteran; but when I in its value a pearl shoul I be perfectly "Mr bear it to the camp," to my agony and A black pearl is a racity, and from a an arm underneath the shoulder of the I suppose one of the Rothschilds has the

pearls always take the first tank. At present the emerald is the fashionable ewel, why, I cannot say; then come rubies and sapphires; the diamond is but a common gewgaw. Every one can buy jewel, no matter whether pearl or dia can always sell at a profit. One of the greatest difficulties in dealing with dia-"Good afternoon," Miss. greatest difficulties in dealing with dia-"Good afternoon," she replied, sizing monds is the operation of cutting, which make an expert. There are a few good

> ly only one man who can drill a diamond. Wiring Broken Bones Together.

> cutters in the world, and there is actual-

A series of experiments in surgery at Bellevue hospital, were a trial whether broken bones could be wired together credit for so much intelligence, but in in human beings, somewhat in the style our country a puppy that has had any of articulating skeletons, instead of advantage of training, always barks using bandages and splinters. Five persons have been wired, the first instance being a year and half ago, and the last recently. The former was Henry Vilner, a Polish Jew peddler. He was a weak, squalid fellow, scarcely able to carry his small pack of notions. He was run over by a stage in Broadway and his knee pan broken, For a month he seemed likely to lose his leg. Then it was decided to devote his endangered limb to the cause of science. The fractured bone was scraped clean, holes were drilled through it, wires of silver were run through, and in that way the pieces were fastened together. The venture turned out a'l right, and now the peddler walks solidly. Dr. Hubbard, then house surgeon at Bellevue, says that it was by his order that the wiring was done, that the leg would otherwise have been necessarily amputated, and that there was positively nothing to be lost

by the operation .- Cor. Boston Herald. A Novel Scheme to Hold the Boy. The aristocratic ladies' fashion of lead-

ing or dragging pug dogs, mastiffs or greyhounds along the crowded streets having in a measure subsided, an ingenious devotce of new ideas has practically secured an acceptable substitute, furnishing at the same time a complete answer to the long-vexed question as to what shall be done with the small boy. A tall lady, fashionably attired, attracted great attention recently as she walked down Chestnut street, apparently indifferent to the curious stares of the pedestrians. The lady, who was the object of so much attention, was absorbed in the task of holding a heavy gold chain, with strayed into a musical soirce; but he a bright little toy, circled about the neck, at the other end of it. The little fellow was dressed in a dark plush sait, with turban to match, and did not appear to be disconcerted. When the lad advanced too far in the surging crowd a sudden tugging would warn him that the end of the chain had been reached, and he would return. "Well," said a passer-by, "it would be so appropriate if the girls would manage the dudes in that style, so pug-like, you know."-

Do not eat the meat of animals that

Eringing in a N n Complying Wit ness on a Litter-Whele Nerve Carried the Day.

A recent letter from Louisville to the

HOW A LOUISVILLE JUDGE PER

SIDED IN A LAWLESS REGION.

sections of Kentucky have for years produced a reign of terror, and a cause which is not understood by those who only read accounts of the crimes committed, has been the failure on the part of the prosecuting attorneys and criminal judges to do their duty. This failure is to be attributed to what may best be called "local influences," If a judge belongs to one faction, or owes his e ection to a particular party, his opponents at once declare their inability to receive fair treatment at his hands, and will fight rather than be tried. In one of the counties where scores had been killed who betonged to opposing factions, and where houses were barricaded, the law alandoned, where women and children were armed, and the extermination of the entire ropulation a matter of early possibility, the governor requested Judge William L. Jackson, of the Louisville Circuit, to hold court. Nobody thought the Louisville judge would comply, but in this they were m staken, for he proceeded forthwith to the scene of bloodshed, quietly announced his preserke and made known his mission. These facts excited the greatest enriosity throughout the county, and when the day of trial came on the whole populace appeared in the court house with but little exception. The first case, one of murder, was called. All the witnesses responded to their names save one. "We must have that witness, Mr. Sheriff," said the court, firmly.

"If your honor pleases I can't get him," said the county sheriff. "That's no excuse, sir; have him here without fail in four hours. Let the court stand adjourned until 2 o'clock." And as Judge Jackson finished speaking he arose from the bench with dignified case, calmly put on his hat and walked from the court room alone, to the great astonishment of the natives, whose regular judge would have remained until perfectly sat sfied that no enemy was near, At 2 o clock court again convened. The bawl of the sheriff, "Oh yes, oh yes, court is now open," had scarce died out before Judge Jackson asked sternly: "Mr. Sheriff, have you brought that witness

The sheriff, answering in the negative, gave as his reason for failure to obey the court that he found the house of the witness barricaded and full of some delay the curtain was drawn up post. The pearl is the most aristocratic armed mountaineers, who swore they and disclosed the scene as described. Jewel. No one but the rich aristocrat would kill any man who attempted to

eriff." said the court, very gave the order, "Take up the body and round like a marble, pure and spotless, sharply, "such an excess is not to be thought of, and will not be entertained. horror the two men, stooping down, put thousand shells you might obtain one. I want the witness here at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, if you have to bring him on a litter. Mark you, sir, a failure to comply on your part will compel this court to fine and imprison you to the full extent of the law. Do your duty, sir.'

To say that the natives were astonished does not convey the slightest idea of their true feelings. All that afternoon and next morning there was a universal desire to see the "city Jedge close," and the fellow who got to shake hands with him had all the free drinks

he des red. Court opened promptly at 10 o'clock. "Mr. Sheriff, have you that witness?" asked the court.

"Yes, your honor," spoke the sheriff, excitedly; "he's coming." A curious sight presented itself now. Half a dozen stalwart men appeared

carrying another, who was the missing witness. One arm hung limp at his side, a leg refused to do its duty, blood trick-led from all over his head, and an immense bandage concealed one eye. "Stand up, sir," spoke the court, and, with the aid of his captors, the fellow

assumed as fair an upright position as his wounds would permit. "What do you mean by evading the

law?" asked the judge. "I didn't know it was your court, sir. I thought they wanted to take me to Louisville for moonshining. I knew as how there were deputy marshals about, sir.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "are there any United States marshals in this section?

The clerk said there were and that they had warrants for the civil witness, whereupon he directed the sheriff to bring every one of them into court, an order soon complied with. Eight United States marshals faced the court. "Gentlemen," began the judge, "have you warrants for any of these witnesses?

"Yes, sir, for nearly all of them, and four for this chap," answered a marshal, indicating the wounded man. "Well, gentlemen, I am holding court here now, and if you interfere with me in any manner whatever. I'll put you a'l in jail for a year-every one of you. Let

this case begin." The trial proceeded, and more convictions followed than had happened previously in the whole life of the county of Breathitt, which is now one of the best in Kentucky and where capital is now finding the richest cannel coal in the world, England not excepted.

Judge Jackson recently went to Letcher county at Governor Knott's re-"Will you need a hundred men?" asked a local friend of justice who well

knew the desperate affairs which had

marked every previous trial of the ac-

"No." thundered the Judge, "this court is equal to a hundred men itself, This remark went the rounds like wildfire, and during the long tria's which followed enabled the court to

conduct its business without the slight-As has been maintained by the Times, in dealing with Keatucky feuds the only thing necessary to make peaceable and good citizens out of the lawless men of the mountains of Kentucky has been the need of men like Judge Jackson, whose nerve and firmness find respect as quickly with desperadoes as with peaceable citizens. Governor Knott expressed himself as much pleased with the manner in which Judge Jackson has conducted court in the mountains. "I would rather send him to try these lawless peo ple than a regiment of soldiers," ob-

served the governor in a conversation

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The Potato.

No article of common food has been more abused than the humble potato. Yet no other vegetable is capable of being put to so many uses. It is the rival of bread, and shares with it the honor of always being found in its place Chicago Herald, says: The chief trouble attending the conviction of the desperaon our tables. Everybody, except some dyspeptics, can cat potatoes, but it is does whose nets of violence in some not every one who knows the best way of eating them or of cooking them.

A baked potato is always nutritions. Boiled potatoes are scarcely worth their salt if they are left to soak in the kettle. Mashed potatoes are good if served with milk, pepper and salt.

Fried potatoes, sliced and fried in fat or batter, are palatable, but much harder to digest than baked ones. The popular 'Saratoga chips' do not retain the distinctive po'ato flavor, and have lost most of its nutriment.

The most easy and effectual way to secure the genuine flavor of the potato is to cook it according to this rule;

Pare the potato and slice it up, but not too thin; place the slices in a large pie-dish, as if you were to make an pple pie; pour into the dish a very little water, drop a few slices of butter upon the potatoes, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, cover the whole with another late and set the dish in a hot oven. 'wenty minutes' time is sufficient for the paking. The writer has tried this rule and always with success. The potatoes have a distinctive flavor to be gained by no other method of cooking.

The history of the potato exhibits the strength of prejudice and the ease with which a trifling circumstance will often remove it. The introduction of the potato into the gardens and on to the tables of the people of Europe encountered for more than two centuries, such opposition that the philosophers of the age were powerless to persuade the prople to use the tuber.

Louis XV. of France one day were a bunch of potato flowers at a court festival. Then the people obsequiously acknowledged that the potato might be useful, and in a few years its cultivation as an article of food became universal.

The potato's stalk produces in Austria a cottony flax. In Sweden sugar is extracted from its roots. By combustion it yields a quantity of potash. Its apples, when ripe, ferment and yield vinegar by exposure, or spirit by distillation. Its tubercles made into a pulp re used as a substitute for soap in bleaching. By different manipulations it is made to furnish two kinds of flour, a gruel, and a cellular pith which in times of scarcity may be made into bread or applied to increase the bulk of bread made from grain. Its starch is little, if at all, inferior to the Indian arrowroot.

The potato is a native of South America; but the cultivated plant yields a product infinitely superior in quanti and quality to its wild brother. One of the sentences in a Dakota orator's speech eulogized the potato. He said

"Very often an entire family in Dakota sits upon one end of a polato while the other end is roasting in the

Louis XV, would have been proud or his potato blossom bouquet could, he have foreseen such a growth of the potato as this Dakota variety. - Youths Companion.

An Expensive Chronometer.

The following anecdute is very characteristic: One of Astor's best captains had made six voyages to Ch'na without a chronometer, but just before sailing on his seventh voyage he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have one. "Get one," said the millionaire.

The captain did so, and entered its cost on the account current. When Astor's eye fell upon the item he drew his pen through it. The captain expostulated.

"Deuce take it, man," said Astor, "I told you to get one, but I did not say I would pay for it."

The old seaman left Mr. Astor's em ployment at once and went down-town, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated. In three days he set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under a new commander, also set sail. The voyage to Hong Kong was very close, but the captain who, as he used to say, had "discharged John Jacob Astor," by keeping the men at the braces, took advantage of every breath of wind and won by three days. The ship was loaded in the shortest possible time, and before Astor's vestel, which had arrived in the mean time, was half loaded our captain weighed anchor, and with a full cargo of tea sailed for New York. He arrived in good time and hoisted out the cargo, which was sold at auction on the spot. The market was thereby overstocked, and when Astor's ship arrived the price had fallen. Some time afterward, as the captain was walk-

"How much did that chronometer cost you?" the latter asked. "Six hundred dollars."

ing down Broadway, he met Mr. Astor.

"Well," said Astor, "that was cheap; it cost me \$60,000." Mr. Astor was actively engaged in business for over forty years. In 1830 he retired with a fortune of \$20,000,000, which in the next eighteen years doubled itself by the simple process of compound interest. Mr. Astor's last years were passed at his town residence, on Broadway, opposite Niblo's Garden. Towards the close of his life his body became feeb'e, but his mind retained much of its original vigor. On the 20th of March, 1838, he died, in the 85th year of his age The bulk of his fortune was left to his favorite child, William B. Astor, who was already worth four millions. More than half a million was left for benevolent purposes. Besides \$400,000 to the library, \$50,000 were left to the poor of his native village in Germany, \$30,000 to the German Society of New York, 30,000 to the Home for Aged Ladies, \$5,000 to the German Orphan Asylum,

etc. - New York World. The Days That Are Gone.

I met her by the sandy shore, Where we, together, viewed the sea; And listening to its fav-off roar, She vowed she would be true to me.

The winter came; her heart did rove, And she explained, this damsel vain, "I said I would return your love;

I meant I'd give it back again."

— Tid Bits.